

PRETTY LITTLE FAIRY TALES

Sent Out by Various Diamond Artists.

Something Good in the "Fanning Bee" Line From Big Leaguers.

Will Meet With the Fancy of Baseball Followers All Over the Country.

F. Clarke, who plays such bodacious ball for the Pirates this year, is a mighty killer of furry game, ranking next to President Roosevelt. In the club office in Pittsburgh and in his home in Winfield, Kan., Dead-shot Fred has many excellent portraits of himself in picturesque varmint-slaying garb; and they say he does look Nimrodish to beat the band. Trophies of the chase likewise adorn the Clarke domicile.

While stalking game in the Far West Fred wears his baseball shoes so as to jump on wounded mountain lions and things at bay. He knows no fear. One day last winter the boss Pirate, "Chick" Frazer, and a young nephew beat along a snowy hillside in Kansas looking for spoor. Mr. Frazer, at the top of the hill, spied some claw-fringed tracks leading diagonally down the slope and into a rocky gulch.

"It is either a leopard or a cinnamon bear," said Mr. Frazer.

"Ah, ha!" cried Mr. Clarke. "The cinnamon bear imparts spiciness to the Nimrod business. Onward!"

The courageous brothers-in-law and the young nephew bunched together, guns cocked and with trusty bowie knives gripped in their teeth. The faithful dog, pale but determined, sneaked along behind. In this formation the hunting party approached the fair amid oppressive silence. A bunch of fur showed in a dim recess among the rocks.

Fred carried a pump Winchester shotgun containing six loads. He poured the whole business into the wad of hair in the hole. Then the dog got brave, jumped forward and dragged out by the tail the mangled fragments of the Clarke family tomcat, who was out hunting sparrows on his own account.

The gleaming bowie knife slid from Fred's mouth, impelled by a flow of words that took the temper from the steel blade. Being an honored guest at the Kansas shooting lodge, the well-bred Mr. Frazer repressed an unladylike desire to smile. The young nephew

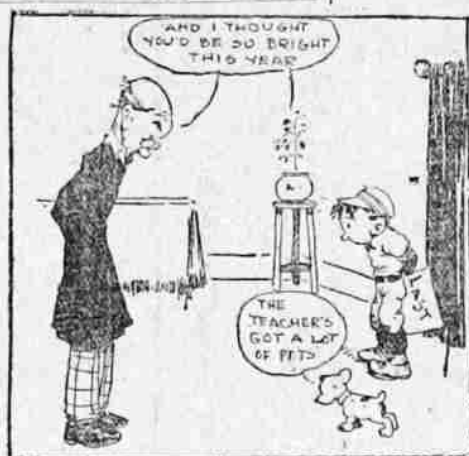
was likewise up against it plenty. On the way home the nephew, feeling obliged to say something of a cheering nature, remarked:

"Oh, well, it was a big tomcat, anyway."

Quite naturally, Mr. Clarke has many calls from Pittsburgh friends for pellets of ferocious beasts slain in the wilds of Kansas. He sent the tomcat's hide to Mr. Cratty, the well-known scribe, and he will use it this summer for a fly screen on his pantry window. Mr. Clarke is a strict observer of the Kansas game laws.

"For just a few days once I imagined I had discovered how to cut down Larry's batting average," says "Red" Donahue, the Cleveland box artist.

"I was with the Cardinals and Lajoie



with Philadelphia," continued the sorrel-topped pitcher, "when some one told me the big Frenchman could not hit a slow ball. When my turn came to face the Phillies I handed up a slow teaser to Lajoie and he hit the ball to me for an easy out. Four times that day I tossed him out at first and each time on a high slow one.

"That night I was as cheery as a pouter pigeon and told the other pitchers to hand slow ones to Larry and he was easy money. Later I again pitched against the Phillies and with visions of retiring the king I cut a fast wide one over and followed it with a slow ball, just like those he had failed to get out of the diamond the last time I faced him.

"Well, Larry met that ball and it went straight out of the lot. Next time I served him a high fast one, but the result was the same. He made a three-base hit. I tried everything I had that day, but no matter where the ball went, high, low, wide, or in close, fast or slow, when Larry got ready to wallop it he did, and I was chalked up with four hits to my discredit, while the same number went to fatten Larry's average."

When Waddell Was an Actor.

The funny doings of that eccentric twirler, "Rube" Waddell, during his

brief but lively stage career as the star in "The Strain of Guilt" last year, are subjects of many of the anecdotes of Comedian George D. Melville.

Melville was "Rube's" stage manager, and one of his pet stories is about Waddell's doings one night in Wheeling, when it was discovered shortly before the performance that the trunk containing the costumes of Waddell's leading man had not been delivered at the theater.

"That created a lot of confusion," says Melville, "and the mix-up was heightened when it was suddenly discovered that 'Rube' had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found in the vicinity of the opera-house."

"We were just about to announce that the performance would have to be called off, when 'Rube' came walking into the stage door with the leading man's trunk on his shoulder. He had run all the way to the depot, a quarter of a mile away, to get that trunk and walked all the way back with it."

"Then just by way of contrast a couple of days later, he went out for a high old time, and just before the performance came onto the stage from the front of the house through one of the boxes, picked up his own trunk from his dressing-room and walked out

through the audience with his trunk and would not play that night."

"One part of the show called for a fall to be done by me and it happened one night that the man who shoves me down put on a little extra steam and I fell so hard my head was gashed and I was dazed. When I came to in my dressing-room I found 'Rube' bathing my head and doing everything he could for me."

"It wasn't forty-eight hours later that that same 'Rube' wanted to brain me with a stage brace because I refused to let him go on the stage when he came in loaded."

"The finish of his theatrical career was characteristically erratic. He got mad in Philadelphia, when a party of his baseball friends were refused admission back of the scenes after they had been out with him for a good time. He flatly refused to perform, carried his trunk out in the alley and left it on the curb, where it remained in rain and shine for two days before it was taken away."

The Scrappy Otis Clymer.

En tour with the Pirates this summer is the Punxsutawney punching bag, better known in private life as Otis E. Clymer, the Doomed Athlete. In nearly every city Otis infests somebody gives him a funny punch among the eyeballs, or hands him a hot wallop on the gooboon. All that keeps him going is a jawbone like Joe Grimes', indifference to pain as Mr. Clymer's long suit, but his feelings are stung just the same.

Three times already he has been bitten, bumped, and thumped by athletes who have vowed to put Otis in the pot and sit on the lid. They have tipped him the black spot. In the days of ancient piracy, when a man was to go over the high jumps, it was customary for the profession to pass him the spot. This was a bit of paper with a black disc marked in the center, and it meant death or worse punishment.

Mr. Clymer is a marked athlete, because he once befriended an umpire—an unpardonable breach in present-day piracy. Last season in an Eastern league game Mr. Thoney biffed an arbitrator on the muzzle. Mr. Clymer leaped to the rescue, dented Mr. Thoney's face in retaliation, and is now getting his in bunches. Mr. Clymer never attempts to get back on the field, for his spirit is crushed by a blow more cruel than any fist can land.

In the first game of the season Otis rebuked an umpire for calling him out on strikes. There was neither fine nor suspension, yet President H. Pulliam wrote Otis a letter requesting him to deal gently with arbitrators and respect their feeling at all hours. And this, too, after Otis had fought and bled and been pinched for upholding an umpire, but in another league. It was much too much for him some.

With kinks in his proud spirit, the Doomed Athlete proceeded on his way. Jack Barry, a Chicago wine opener, gave Otis his first bump of the season. He bore it meekly. The Cubs then passed the black spot along to St. Louis, and Jack H. Warner mauled Otis on the chin. Jack hit him twice, but Mr. Clymer stood with his hands down and never blinked. The Doomed Athlete got a suspension of three days for failing to take the count.

From St. Louis the black spot was transferred to Cincinnati, and the Reds handed it to Otis. In galloping swiftly to first base Otis trod on the heel of Mr. Blankenship, which heel is said to project behind like that of a Jaybird standing on a post. The heel was not damaged in any way, and the subse-

"MOMENTS WITH HAS-BEENS."

One of Bill Kirk's Best in the Verse Line.

As we journey through life it is pleasant to know That the fighters who mixed in the long, long ago Are not quite forgotten by those who today Sit close to the ringside and watch the fierce fray.

Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, And Johnson, the dakey, Refuse, one and all, to be sent to the hay.

Fitzsimmons has challenged O'Brien and And he blusters and boasts, does this foxy old boy. Gus Roblin has challenged Tom Sharkey once more—

A taunt that the sailor sees fit to ignore. Perhaps Joseph Walcott May fight Chauncey Oleast And wade to his knees in the sweet singer's gore.

Now the public is weary of reading each day These meaningless imposts sent out in mere play. Why does each pug who is out of the game Select some new victim to challenge and tame?

Munroe's reputation Is quite Caric Nation. Why doesn't he challenge that hard-hitting dandy?

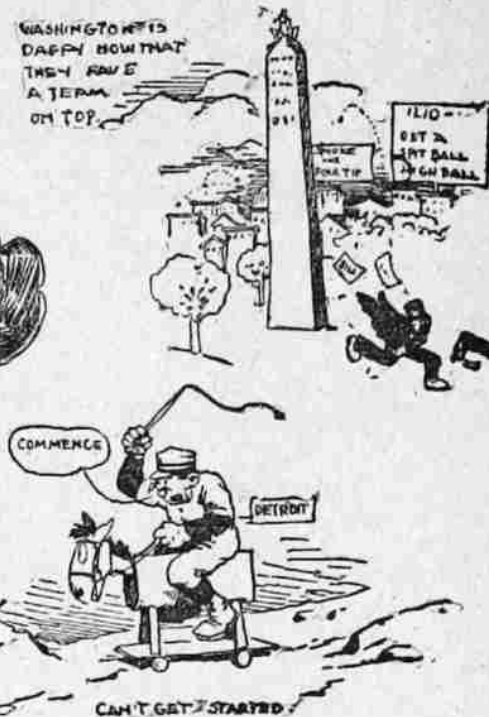
Jim Corbett could challenge Doc Dowie to fight 'Twould be a rank fake, but would draw out of sight. Fitzsimmons could challenge Doc Munyon, I guess. While Sharkey and Sage ought to clash with success.

Though such an arrangement Might cause some estrangement. The country could boast of a few has-beens less.

WINE of CARDUI FOR WOMEN



OH THEY'RE ALL BALLED UP FOR THE LEAD IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.



Veteran Billiard Player Returns

Great Interest Manifested With Paris the Center of the Game.

Fresh from viewing the of the foremost Parisian and amateurs, Maurice turned home. The deas of sional billiards in this Daly is often called, mid was more active than French capital, and for over the continent of Europe England there had been a ray of professional main-

Dawson, and John games of the English many as 20,000 points. Paris was still the center and it was in the center that Daly saw the best of He said that Maurice world's champion, is in is certain that he will seen in this country. playing with any great though he takes part in short games in the Grand Passage des Panoramas.

George Sutton, the American Vignaux, and from the completed with his cue, him play. It is the opinion that he is to be re-

American champion, the wishes to return to to break with Vignaux him for the title he now.

Another player, Ora, playing with Garner in a Morningstar has done greatly and is doing rapid, scintillating play risians demand.

FREE TO MEN

To Every Sufferer as below applies to me in person or ter, I will give Free use world-famed discovery Cured



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Courtesy demands that we mention no names in a newspaper, but if you come to my office, I can some valuable information with the proofs so conclusive that you will not regard them as selfish brag.

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And will forfeit \$500 for any case taken under treatment which he fails to cure if directions are All cases of piles cured. Liver and kidney complaint cured. All classes of fits cured. Tageworn with head or no pay. Office hours, 10 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m. Please send for a list of questions to Dr. C. W. Higgins, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Jack Warner the Old Time Catcher for the Giants, as He Appears in the Uniform of the St. Louis Team.